The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Friday the 13th of January, to Wednesday the 8th, 1698.

White-Chappel, January 14.

A Spruce young fellow, upon a late unhappy occaſion, having his Eyes a little Blaſted with Gun-powder, preſently fancy'd he was ſtruck Blind, and bethought himſelf what he ſhould do for a *Dog* and a *Bell*: Theſe reflections put him a Stamping and Raving to that degree, that in ſpight of the Proverb, there appeared but little difference betwixt *Staring and Stark-mad*. But a cunning old Gypſy having obſerved his poſtures, came to him in a friendly way, and told him that ſhe had once an acquaintance in the very ſame condition, who, notwithſtanding all the importunities and perſwaſions of his friends, could not be prevailed with to keep his Eyes ſhut but for one Quarter of an Hour, by which wilfulneſs of his, he was utterly deprived of his Eye-ſight, which, with very good reaſon, he repented of the longeſt day he had to live, and therefore, continued ſhe, as you value that precious Jewel, forbear to handle or open your Eyes for ſome ſhort time, and upon my word you will thank me for my advice when you have found the benefit of it. The Devil a lye it was, for placing his hands afore him, ſhe ſets the *Tony* up like an Image againſt the Wall, and diving into his Pockets, ſhe took out her Fee, which was five times as big as an able Doctor would have expected, and went her way: But her Patient coming by and by to himſelf, and upon examination of his pockets being ſenſible of his credulity and folly, he went home with a ſerious application of the old Proverb. *There's none ſo blind as he that will not ſee.*

Lincolns-Inn-Fields, January 18. Here is a General Readezvouz of common Beggers, who reſort to this place as conſtantly as Merchants to the *Exchange*, or Gallants to the Play-houſe: Theſe are your Standing Beggers, by whom you know the time of the day as infallibly as by the Two Club-men at St. *Dunſtan*'s-Church. They have as many ways of winning people to compaſſion, as Lovers find out to gain their Miſtreſſes favour: Some do it by importunity, others by whining and ſniveling, others by hectoring, others by entreaty, and others by ſilence; which with many paſſes for the moſt powerful ſort of Oratory; as if the ſincerity of a man conſiſted in ſaying nothing: They have more diſguiſes then a Jeſuite, and the luſtieſt Rogue of 'em all (which in Canting they call upright-man) will counterfeit ſickneſs, blindneſs, lameneſs, nay, and (like *Ulyſſes*) madneſs its ſelf, rather than ſerve his Country, or take up arms upon an honeſt account; By ſuch arts as theſe they Pick-Lock mens benevolence, and (as it were) rob the credulus and merciful; who by a charitable miſtake, ſupply their riot, inſtead of their neceſſity; for their Clubbs and Villanies are propagated by the Farthings, and halfpence of ſome *Well-diſpoſed Chriſtian*; as the late Rebellion was by the Zealous Contribution of Bodkins, and Thimbles. Many of them have the trick of making themſelves Cripples (at leaſt in appearance) on purpoſe that they may move men to Charity; as I have known a fellow in the Country ſet his Cottage on fire, with a deſign to get a contribution from the Pariſh; or as a Mountebanks Fool pretends to ſcald his hands with the fat of Bacon, in hopes that the ignorant crowd will prove the better Cuſtomers.

Old-Baly, Laſt Week the Collegiates of *Newgate* were ſummon'd to appear and anſwer for their ſeveral faults before their breaking up. The Bed-roll being call'd over from the *File* to the *Prigg*, and their accuſations read, moſt of 'em had got their leſſons by heart more readily than their *Pater-noſter*. But ſome who were allowed the favour to read within book; had their task written in the palms of their hands, that they might be ſure to remember 'em. For being to go into the wide world, 'twas thought convenient to mark 'em with a hot iron (as people do their Sheep) to know 'em agen when they came to fold. This kind of *Ferula* tingles and ſmarts moſt unhappily, and though the Schollers are obliged to the formality of praying, yet under correction they look as if they had more mind to ſwear. The idle Truants, and ſmaller offenders were ſentenc'd to do pennance at the tail of a Wooden Engine, call'd a Cart, which they are oblig'd to follow upon a Dog-trot; for (like my Grandams Clock) it runs upon wheels, and as 'tis the nature of Clocks

to give a little warning before they ſtrike, ſo here at every jogg the ſcholler is to expect a titillation of his fancy; till being able to number the gutters to the right and left (as a perſon I have heard of could repeat the ſigns) he is fairly diſmiſs'd with a caution of behaving himſelf better for the future.

Wapping January the 17. A Worthy, Bountiful Good Chriſtian, at the Sign of the *Perſians* God, in Charity-Lane, not far from a great Tippling-Houſe, who, thro' the dictates of a good Conſcience, lendeth ſums of Money to Poor People, upon good Security, to increſe their Neceſſities; deſiring no more than the Reaſonable Extortion of Sixty in the Hundred, being ſized in ſtature, a little above *Church-Warden-Bulk*, happened one Night in his Bed, to Overlay his Right Arm, till it was ſo benum'd it had loſt its Feeling; and waking in the Dark, catching hold of it with his other hand, fancied a Dead Arm was put into Bed to him, leap'd out of the Bed-Cloths, allarms his Family, roars out for a Light to look for this Ghoſtly Member; but the frightful Limb was Vaniſhed, and he left in ſuch a dreadful Conſternation, that he fell Sick with Conceit of this ill boding Omen; and had People to Watch with him ſeveral Nights, fearing the Divil ſhould come with a Pair of Arms the next time and prove too ſtrong for him. His Sickneſs continued for about a Week, till one Night he happened again into the ſame condition, and crying out for the Candle, his Nurſe ran nimbly to the Bed-ſide, flings off the Cloths, and their had he faſt hold of a K---us Hand in ſted of *Old Nicks*. Thus finding his miſtake grew well, (praiſed be God for it) as I am this preſent Writing.

Drury-Lane, January 17. A Wine Brewer of this place, by a compact between his profeſſion and his diſpoſition, had gotten ſo perfect an habit, and voluble a method of Bawling, that his talking Engine never ſtood ſtill, but (by an innate principle of motion) in ſpight of nonſence and diſturbance wagg'd inceſſantly, and that with ſo *Stentorian* a loudneſs that the Neighbours have frequently indited him for ſowering their drink; inſomuch that even his Wife took notice of it; and being concern'd to be out-done at her own weapon, uſed all meanes imaginable to reclaim him: But having practic'd her experiments upon him ineffectually, ſhe at laſt bethought her of the Oyl of Birch, which being apply'd to the Poſteriours of the Patient, by the hand of an aſſiſtant Neighbour, as he was going to bed, has ſo drawn down the ſhabby humour, that the Maggot has never work'd ſince in his Fly-blown Noddle.

London, January 18. Many People here are ſtill tainted with the *Athenian* Itch, and the *News-mongers* continue Scratching them, by Publiſhing (three days in the Week) a parcel of *Flying* and *Lying Inteligences*, partly patcht up out of old *Gazetts*, and the reſt, generally, very Silly and Falſe; notwithſtanding which, ſome Perſons ſwallow it down as greedily as they do their Coffee. *Tavernier* in his deſcription of the famous Coffee-Houſe of *Iſpahan* (the Metropolis of *Perſia*) ſays, That the Wiſe *Sha Abas* obſerving great numbers of *Perſians* to reſort to that Houſe daily, and to Quarrel very much about State-affairs, appointed a *Moullah* to be there every day betimes to entertain the *Coffee-quaffers* with a point of Law, Hiſtory, or Poetry. *Olearius* does alſo ſpeak of the great Diverſions made in the Coffee-Houſes of *Perſia* by their Poets, and Hiſtorians, who are ſeated in a high Chair, from whence they make Speeches, and tell Satyrical Stories: If the ſame were practiced in the Coffee-Houſes here, it would be far more deverting than Reading a parcel of dull ſham News Papers.

On the Philadelphians.

LAtely aroſe a *Babylonian* brood;
A *New-born Sect*, yet never Underſtood:
Some ſay Begot by *Zeal*, ſome think deſign'd
A *Trap*, to catch the *Ignorant* and *Blind*.
Amongſt which *Tribe* a *Feamale Prelat's* Tongue
Teaches *Male Fools* (by Nature *better Hung*)
To cure a *Conſcience*, tho' by *Satan* Stung.
The hum drum *Saint* ſits by, not *Pleas'd*, but *Tir'd*,
To find his *Wife* ſo notably *Inſpir'd*:
All his *Nocturnal* negligence he hears,
She lugs and tugs the *Zealot* by the Ears;
Much he endures, & ſtill much more he fears.
The prating Spirit thus that mov'd the *Dame*,
Being ſhort Winded, ſoon grew *Sick* & *Tame*;
She wip'd her *Eyes*, blow'd *Noſe*, and down ſhe (came.
Up ſtarts the Angry *Spouſe* upon the Stool,
He Hum'd and Sigh'd, and look'd ſo like a *Fool*,
Drop'd *Tear*, to ſhew his Heart was not *Ob-* (*durat*,
Then haulk'd and ſpit, like any *Cuntry Curat*.
Vex'd with his Wife's By-hints, the angry He,
Thro' ſpite, as I ſuppoſe, (like Doctor *B*——)
Preach'd up the doctrin of *Folygamy*.
At which a Wanton *Prattle-box* aroſe,
And did, to the whole *Tribe*, her Mind diſcloſe;
Plurality of Wives, ſaid ſhe, *no no*,
I'm ſure the Spirit ſcorn'd to tell you ſo.
Siſters, *if this be practis'd we're undone*,
Pray act like me, and ev'ry Mothers Son,
I'll warrant you, ſhall find enough of One.

Divertiſement.

THeſe are to give notice that *Peter Pinch-belly* Baker dwelling in *Light-loaf-Lane*, intends at the next Seſſions to ſell his ſhare in a pair of Spectacles, which are made of ſubſtantial two inch Board, not to be worn upon the Noſe, but Neck and Wriſts, through which a man may clearly ſee his faults, and his Enemies, and be made feelingly ſenſible of the ſwift flight of Goſlings, Ducklings, and Chickens, while they remain in the cloyſter of the Egg-ſhell; they are fit for all ages, from Eighteen to Threeſcore, and teach ſuch as uſe them, the moſt difficult diſtinction between good and evil.

LONDON, Printed for John Harris, *Anno Pacis prima.*